Volume X Chicago, Ill., July, 1933 Number 4

The Liberalist

The gods bestow all things at a reasonable price . . . the best for the least. All that is really worth while may be had for little; it is the superfluous for which one pays a high price. The beautiful costs nothing at all . . . it is a gracious gift from the Immortals :: We are permitted to see the sunrise and the sunset, the clouds sailing in the skies, the forests and the field, the glorious sea . . . all without money and without price. The birds sing to us; the wild flowers we may pick along the roadside. There is no entrance fee to the starlit hall of the night :: The poor sleep better than the rich. Contentment and peace thrive better in humble places. A few friends, a few books . . . indeed a very few . . . is all we need to make us happy :: Life, in its wisdom, is simple.

—Suggested by "The Story of San Michele."

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The Peoples Church

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THE LIBERALIST

Preston Bradley ..... Editor

Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

Volume X Chicago, Ill., July, 1933 Number 4

MEDITATION

"Quietly and with reverence we approach the source of all life, of all truth and of all beauty. After a week of work, struggle and sorrow, a week that has been one of great activity and great challenge, we are so glad that there isn't anything, nothing, no time, no weather, that can keep us from gathering here in this moment of communion and of fellowship together. We are glad we are not victims of environment; we are glad we are not seekers after ease and comfort, we are really glad for this high privilege of entering into the sacred precincts of our beloved church, and here, reverently and quietly and with dignity, we can blend our hearts, our hopes, our lives, and in the presence of the eternal Heart bend to thy will.

And so, in this moment of aloofness, with all the world shut out, all the furor, all the noise, all the consternation born of activity, everything alienated from our hearts, we can open our lives to Thee and we would ask for that sense of beauty and that evidence of power and strength that can be poured into our lives, and then when tomorrow dawns and the old round of the week comes back, the same old worries and the same old troubles, the same old tears and the same old efforts and the same old dreams, they shall all be a little different and mean something else besides merely our own efforts and our own wills and our own persistency. Separate from us today, just as far as the East is from the West, anything and everything that would prevent the highest expression of thy eternal truth.

We want our hearts cleansed, we want our bodies cleansed, we want our minds cleansed, we want everything about us that might interfere or hinder the expression of divine truth to be alienated from us. It is with this prayer upon our lips and this hope in our hearts that we come, and may every individual heart and every life in this congregation this morning that has faced the coldness of this winter morning and that left the pleasant security of their own home to linger and to tarry here, may any sacrifice that it may have meant be more than recompensed by the strengthening of the fibers of life for their coming and may this be a significant service to some heart, may it be just the time when some life will find just what it needs and may the whole scene of life forever after be changed.

We wait for thy presence; we wait for the evidence of thy favor. We are not worthy of it. We fail so often, so often, but we wait, we are not tired of waiting, we are not tired and restless, we just know that if thou dost have a chance in our lives that everything else follows. To those this day who are ill of body and soul, may there be something so triumphant, so recreative in its expressiveness, some word, some note of music, that shall bring to those hearts encouragement and good cheer, and may that encouragement be of such a character that it shall last long after the last notes and the last words of this service have died upon the ether.

So we come with all of our difficulties, problems, and not presenting them to Thee, but only asking that we might have that heart and that mind capable of handling them as we walk the highway of life. Let the spirit of love and of peace and of beauty abide in every heart. Wherever men worship today, wherever the priest stands upon his altar, wherever the rabbi becomes the teacher, wherever the minister shall voice words of life, may we realize that though we have different accents, underneath there is the one great dream, a dream of united humanity, a world of brotherhood and of peace, thy world, thy kingdom, thy Heart."

"EMERSON'S INFLUENCE ON MODERN THOUGHT"

Sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago, February 5th, 1933

"More people who have distinguished themselves in all fields of human endeavor were born in the month of February than any other month in the calendar. If I were to attempt, this morning, to give you the names of the men and women whose birthdays occur in the month of February those of you who have never made a study of the subject would be tremendously interested at the magnitude of that list. Every department of human activity is represented and almost without exception those who have distinguished themselves in a superlative sense in any particular branch of creativeness have had their birthdays in the month of February.

So, many years ago, I thought it would be to our advantage in every way if we would confine our attention, during the month of February, in the church, to a study and an interpretation of some of the personalities that have indelibly imprinted themselves in the achievements of the race. I have done this for many, many seasons and they have been, depending, of course, entirely upon the personality selected to discuss, some of the most successful Sundays which we have ever had in The Peoples Church.

I am beginning these studies, this year, with the service this morning and I have chosen one of the quiet voices, one of the spiritual personalities about whom is woven none of these dramatic or dynamic qualities that are associated with so much of of our contemporary leadership. Only once before, in public, have I ever spoken about Ralph Waldo Emerson. I do not remember of ever having used him in this biographical series, and when I chose him as the opening subject of this series I was quite aware that to a very large extent Emerson is in the discard, as far as some of our contemporary activities are concerned. And yet, in spite of that and in spite of my certainty that he may not have the appeal which would characterize some still more dynamic figures in human history, it is well for us to go over again our obligations and our debt to his genius and to his creativeness.

I can say nothing to those of you who know Emerson, and your presence here this morning is an attestation of the fact that to you he represents something significant, for to those of you who know him no words of mine can add to the luster which surrounds his genius, or no interpretation which I can give will increase your respect for the splendid quality of his intellect and heart. I hope, and it is my only purpose,

to those of you who may not be familiar with him and with his philosophy and the contribution which Emerson makes to the modern thought of the world, that perhaps I may be the medium today that will introduce to you and open up for you an opportunity of familiarizing yourselves with one of the greatest men the western world has ever produced. Whether contemporary society neglects him or not, whether some of those who are so modern in their point of view might feel that we have passed Emerson and he is being superseded in the highway of philosophical thought by more splendid vehicles, is a question that I, for one, am not prepared to acknowledge this morning. I do not think it is a question of going back to Ralph Waldo Emerson. When I stand and look out upon the contemporary scenes that I see, I think it is largely a question of catching up with Emerson. Emerson does not belong back there across seventy-five and eighty years ago. Emerson, like every other person who is in contact with the eternal, does not know the limitations of our petty calendars; he is not concerned about the passing moment's styles and customs of our transitional thinking. Emerson takes his place in the galaxy of the permanent and he can wait for the furor to subside, he can wait for the confusion to die away, he can wait for the transient to determine the character of its transitoriness and pass. Emerson, like all truth, need never be in a hurry, and the quiet retrospection which I want to bring, consonant with the dignity and the creative ability of his genius, is the Emerson which I want you to see in my interpretation this morning.

The facts about him are very simple. His life was quite uneventual from all experiential evidence. We do not see him concerned about the great diplomatic tragedies of the era; he does not get unduly disturbed in the presence of the high pressure sensitiveness of things. Emerson is a philosopher and as a philosopher he has been compelled to pass through those periods of changing modes of human thought in the reaction of others toward him, but it is not these reactions that concern me now; it is not the Emerson modes and vogues that come and go. The thing that I am interested in this morning is the central theme, the dominating motive, the outstanding pattern that characterizes his contribution to civilization and to culture. That is the reality that we are attempting to see this morning.

Of course no man can be alienated from his time, no matter how great a genius a man might be. He can be best and most properly characterized only in relation to his time, to the period in which he lived. He may have upon his lips eternal truths, but that truth is often inspired by the contacts which he has with the affairs about him. We cannot lift Homer, Shakespeare and Dante out of the age in which their geniuses flowered; we must take into recognition the influence of their environmental conditions upon much of their creativeness, and it is likewise true of Emerson. We cannot understand Emerson in relation to modern needs until we first see Emerson in relation to the age in which he lived and in which he expressed himself, and even though it is within the century it still has about it such a far-offness, it seems so remote, so far away, even those great movements in American life, it is difficult to recapture them and bring them into competition with the vividness of the present. We are so surrounded with all the great, immediate problems—poverty, unemployment, wars, hysteria, all sorts of emotional debauches, all sorts of diplomatic intrigues, all sorts of disturbances are upon us and because they are so acute, and they are

acute, it is difficult even for the most intellectually discriminating, for the mind that really is concerned and not merely emotionally reacting to its problems, it is most difficult to bring down into all the intensity of this modern scene those epochs of our own immediate past that are definitely related to the very present that is so demanding and commanding. That is difficult. Yet it is necessary if we are to see Emerson in all the majesty of his creativeness, living at a time when the entire Atlantic seaboard was tremendously, and I may say almost entirely, influenced in its cultural life by the cultures of Great Britain.

Our writers were just beginning at the period to feel the solidarity of their own utterances underneath their feet. The models of English literature in all literary production constituted their chief mode, and their attitude was largely the attitude of that foreign, we may say, culture. In statesmanship we were just approaching, in all of its vital character that period of our own American history which was ultimately to grapple with the question of slavery. Forty years before the outbreak of that civil war there were those in the public assemblies who were already sensitive and aware of the fact that sooner or later this issue would be one that would compel action on the part of the United States of America. It was a period in the history of our country when our unknown West, and it was to a very great extent unknown, had not been a part of the molding development to produce a distinct American type of citizenship.

Emerson, as one of his great characteristics, and one of the early evidences of this quality of his genius, Emerson was almost, and I think I am safe, even in the presence of several students of Emerson, in saying that Emerson was almost the first of all that great galaxy of American writers, in a period which has never been surpassed in any moment of our history for recognizing that which was significant in the cultures of other nations of the world, to be friendly toward our source of English culture and English literature. He always had great respect for the native Englishman, but he had little respect for the Anglicized American. One of the first contributions which Emerson has made to this spirit of American life is to be found in the fact that he early recognized the potentiality of the American continent to produce a type of culture and a quality of citizenship that was not influenced by the traditionary influences of England upon our Atlantic seaboard, and so aware was he of this that we find him, very early in his life, leaving New England and when there was no such thing as a good road, when there was nothing but mud on the prairies and trackless places in which he could find himself, in the midst of all this Emerson conceived the possibility and the potentiality of this great unknown western part of our western world and the contribution which the Mississippi River Valley in particular could make to the life of America.

And so we see him leaving the comforts of his home, leaving the early companionships of New England and the quiet life at Concord and taking these long lecture trips out into the Middle West. We find him in Chicago, we find him lecturing in Michigan; we find him at Grand Rapids, Kalamazoo, and still farther west, and everywhere he went he was consistently the apostle of the potentiality of this Middle West to produce a type of leadership and of character that would establish ourselves definitely with a very certain American type of personality and of culture. We are indebted to Emerson for that awakening which is quite apart

from any significance which he had in his spiritual or artistic message.

We find him passing through those experiences of life which are quite the common lot of us all and they are not unusual, quite the contrary. I have loved Emerson all my life from the first introduction which I had to him as a student, a boy in the seventh grade in a public school, when the old Harper's Reader, which I studied at the time, had an essay of Emerson on 'Compensation.' When I read that essay these days I wonder at what sort of mind a reader must have had who ever decided what was to go into that old Harper's Seventh Reader. I don't know how many of you ever studied or were brought up on Harper's Readers, but I was, and my introduction of Emerson was the 'Essay on Compensation' in the Seventh Grade Harper's Reader. When I read that essay today and even attempt a conception that when I was a boy in the Seventh Grade I read that same essay, I wonder now at the audacity of those who select readings for Seventh Grade students, to incorporate in there an essay by Emerson! And yet, though I have no memory and no recollection whatever of any reaction which I had in those early days to the essay itself, yet there were certain phrases, and there were certain sentences, in that essay that I never forgot. They remained with me to this day, and though I have read the essay often since and have attempted to find the depth and the significance of one of the greatest of all his essays, nevertheless there is something about that early association that never left me. Emerson can be explained to the satisfaction of some, but genius is the basis of the fine inheritance which was given to him by his ancestors.

He comes from a long line of fine scholars. His family have distinguished themselves for several generations for their intellectual integrity, their moral and artistic honesty. He had, in his veins and arteries, basically, a fine foundation upon which to work, and I am not here to raise the question of which has the greater influence, heredity or environment, but I am only here to call attention to the fact that Emerson was born basically sound and fine. He was the heritage of many generations of men and women who had a fine fundamental structure upon which to build, and that is always fortunate. It was never difficult for Emerson to practice those niceties of fine thinking that many of us have to acquire by stern disciplining all through life. He never was, even in his Harvard days, distinguished as a great scholar. Emerson's mind was not the mind that was merely satisfied with accumulation of facts. His mind was rather the mind which was always restless, was always seeking, always exploring, and therefore with that type of mind, Emerson, quite naturally would not associate himself with the more quizzical type, or technical type that we might speak of as interested primarily in the discovery, application and accumulation of facts. That is what distinguishes all in scholarship, and to that extent we would not say that Emerson was a great scholar, and he did not make any claims to any pioneering work in the field of scholarship, as such. Science interested him hardly at all. He was not particularly interested in invention. He was not particularly interested in the technicalities and legalities involved in the operation of law. He was not interested in any of these things that have to do with the purely investigating, microscopic, telescopic attitude of thought; quite another matter was his mental mood and his world. He did receive a place in a ranking school, an opportunity given to him of being made a member of

the Phi Beta Kappa by being invited to give the oration at Harvard University, in which he gave the finest utterance on 'Scholarship' that any man has ever given in any University in all this western world. If you really want something so pure in its essence that not a word could be eliminated without mutilating the thought, if you want the problem of scholarship stated so accurately, please read Emerson's oration on the 'American Scholar.' That, I know, to those of you who do not know him, will be an introduction of great significance, for Emerson in his oration on the 'American Scholar' given before the Phi Beta Kappa Association of Harvard University, to me, is an utterance of such unimpeachable purity that in the midst of all the confusion of tongues and consternation of voices that now exists in our modern world, it is so exquisitely refreshing to the really discriminating that it gives a sense of hope even in the midst of the turmoil. Read the 'American Scholar' and remember it is prefaced by the word 'American.' Emerson never once neglected, and never once failed to incorporate, wherever he had to do with the structure of these United States, the potentiality and the possibilities that here we had in the making out of our own loins and in our own social structure, the making of an achievement in the cause of freedom and liberty; that we could build so solidly and so cohesively in retaining those ideals of freedom and liberty that no later emergency that could happen in these United States would be sufficiently appalling and sufficiently destructive to tear apart these fundamental processes and principles. Had we listened to voices like this — they are not voices resonant with the untried, they are not personalities wedded to the permanence of the present, they are not noise and bombast and furor and confusion—had we listened to some of these still, small voices of the real inner consciousness of mankind who knew and who saw that we must build so definitely and so carefully and so permanently that no emergency could shake the citadel of our democracy, this old world would not be in its topsy-turvey condition of the present. Had the ideals of Mazzini, had Tolstoy been the voice of Russia, had England listened to her Wilberforce, had France obeyed her Voltaire, had America listened to her Emerson and her Whitman in her ideals of life, this world would not be now floundering in a blind alley listening to the strident, blatant, discordant, grating, rasping voices of confusion, of dictatorship, of atheism, of darkness, of machinery! Had the quiet voices, the voices of strength and of eternal quality, had they been privileged to break through all our noise and all our effort and all our confusion—had the still, small voice of the eternal been consulted, all this need not have been. All this might have been passed, but in the midst of that noise and that confusion there lingers with us still today, to the few who care, and believe me, believe me, my friends, when I say 'the few who care' that is exactly what I mean, for I challenge any student of civilization who may be listening to me this morning, or who may be in this congregation—I challenge you to submit to me one single moment in the history of the human race, one moment that when mankind was in the depths and mankind was in the extremes and when revolution and bloodshed and chaos were abroad, when man was restless and weary—I ask you to give me one moment in the whole history of the race, anywhere, where man was not piloted out of his difficulty by the minority! There never has been, and there never will be any salvation from crowds. Man's turmoil has never solved a problem, and never will.

When you get ready to listen, when the world runs to exhaustion every will-o'-the-wisp that comes upon the horizon for remedy, when you have ceased with your Mussolinis and your Hitlers, when you have wearied of your dependence upon organization, and when you have grown tired of the inability of institutionalism to save you, when you are through anchoring to legislative programs as being the way out, when we are all through with some of these most necessary externals, then there will come again a still, small voice and it will be the voice that shall speak in consonance with these great leaders of thought. Men who made very little external impression but by the quiet dignity of their scholarship and the unimpeachable integrity of their creativeness, their obedience to the higher loyalties of the eternal—these men will be our voices, and from the philosophy of such you will find the rallying cry for recovery. Emerson is one of those voices that will come back again to our American ear. We will see then his basic structure; we will see how elementally perfect was his point of view; we will recapture his courage; we will see him in defiance of all of the fine traditions of his own family, how, with the traditions of acceptance and respectability, this young man could not continue in the pastorate of a Unitarian Church in Boston, because even though he were in a liberal church, he could not break the bread and pour the wine as a symbol of the communion, because he had so highly spiritualized the conception of the communion that he did not want contact with the physical elements that meant symbols of a spiritual truth.

So we find him resigning even his pastorate and leaving the pulpit and going to that quiet place in Concord. I have visited many countries of the world. I have stood at the tombs of the world's great. I have passed with reverence, often, through Westminster Abbey. I have stood at the graves of Victor Hugo and Voltaire. I have stood in the presence of the remaining resting home of Darwin and Browning, and all the others. I have visited in the 'Church of the Presidents' and stood between the bodies of the two Adamses. I have visited the Unknown Soldiers' graves in nine countries of the world. May I pause in the quiet reflection of this morning hour to say that never, to me, did I feel that I was standing in the presence of more sacredness than when I stood yonder in Sleepy Hollow in the presence of the immortal dust of Emerson. There at his grave to see that rock, a piece of rugged, rough New Hampshire granite, nor was it polished, nor was it rounding, not was it made to conform to the artistry of the artisan in the shaping of stone, but it was shaped by God and Nature, and out of a granite hillside was it brought down to Sleepy Hollow, and when I stood there I stood in the presence of a mind, a mind that in an age when it cost much, dared assert the one great unity of life, a mind who rose and transcended all the narrow demarcations of institutions. In the quiet of the elm strewn trees with Thoreau and Bronson, Alcott and Nathaniel Hawthorne, here was a man so sensitized to the potentiality of his people and his country that again and again and again he appealed and he pleased that we might have that intellectual courage and that moral courage that would bring us out of the petty, the non-essential, the unimportant into the broad tableland of the everlasting.

Emerson's key word was 'everlasting.' He saw humanity in terms of its unending character. To him the human heart, the fidelity and faithfulness of that human heart to be true to itself is without any intermediary be-

tween it and the eternal. To Emerson American philosophy is ever indebted for that awareness that man, as an integral, as a part of all the cosmos, is, in himself, a great and an important factor. Emerson never lost himself in institutionalism. Emerson never delegated to society responsibility which he knew the individual must share. Emerson did not ask that laws be substituted for individual conscience. Emerson did not affirm that it was necessary to externally express, by compulsion, those characteristics of the individual which ought to be prevented, because we love our fellow man.

Not as a poet shall he live, not as an orator, because he is none of these, not as an essayist, for his essays are but broken fragments; you can begin with the last paragraph of an essay and it is just as logical as to begin with the first one. He thought in great crises, in flashes, in tragedies, and the main thesis motivating his philosophy was a deep spiritual awareness that all life is related to the Overlife of the Cosmos; that because I am related to that life I must keep my life in harmony with the Overlife. That's Emerson. He had the courage to face the established and contemporary thought of his day, the forerunner of Josiah Royce, the spiritual father of William James, the foundation for Santayana. Every philosopher since Emerson is indebted to Emerson, and the few of us who desire the finest philosophy with the best thought of the generation dare not neglect him if we are to have a deep understanding of our present mode and system of life.

I see him always with admiration and respect; I see that fine, beautiful reserve that is indicative of great strength; I see him in all the little fields of human sorrow and emotion; I see him suffer at the loss of his brothers; I see him heartbroken at the death of his son; I see him wondering about the futility of it all. Then I pick up those essays and poems, and then I see again — I wonder if you will bear with me while I read them to you? I have read them so many, many times and did not mean to read them now, but I want to read to you because you have listened so patiently and so well, as a sort of climax, in this introduction to him, and if I have been able to stimulate an interest in the mind of this man, interesting because there are those who say we have passed him, who say that Emerson is a theist and not a humanist, interesting because many of the things which Emerson thought of and gave to us all were thought out and given before science in the field of energy and in the field of the atom, in the field of electronic energy. Emerson, in the field of spiritual truth, anticipated, in perfect analogy, the findings of later scientific investigation. If Emerson were here today, Professor Einstein and he would be very close friends, for Emerson, the philosopher, anticipated Einstein, the scientist, by seventy years. All the philosophy which you will find coming out of Einstein based upon his scientific theory, is shown in Emerson in the field of the spirit. That is exceptionally interesting, and every time I hear Professor Millikan, Sir James Jeans, Professors Compton, Eddington, Whitehead, all these men who are unimpeachable in their scholarship and honest in their endeavor, every time I hear or read them do you know what I can say? 'That's all very interesting, but it is not very new', for even though their scientific discoveries have brought an enlarged universe, it necessitates a new orientation of thought, and even though that is attempted by modern science, still you can hear the words of Emerson, limitless words, throbbing down through these years, a master mind!

These are some principles that Emerson set down as a young man. The fact of the matter is that these were resolutions which Emerson wrote to guide his life. Will you listen to them?

'Thou shalt not profess that which thou dost not believe.

Thou shalt not heed the voice of man when it agrees not with the voice of God in your own soul.

Thou shalt study and obey the laws of the universe and they will be thy fellow servants.

Nature shall be to thee as a symbol.

The life of the soul in conscious union with the Infinite shall be for thee the only real existence.'

Have you ever heard anything like that before, particularly in the philosophy of Christian Science? These utterances and resolutions by Emerson teach men that each generation begins the world afresh, in perfect freedom, but that today holds the capacity of all the yesterdays to judge, to accept, to reject their teachings as they are shown by its own morning sun. And the last—

'To thy fellow countrymen thou shalt preach the gospel of the new world, that here, here in America, is the home of man, that here is the promise of a new and a more excellent social state than history has ever recorded.'

Emerson wrote these words as a young man. May I commend him to those who have listened and those who are here. You will not find him a great dynamic voice, you will not find him a great spiritual voice, you will not find him consonant with some that we think of today as modern, but if you will woo his mind and listen to his heart and sense the length and breadth and depth of his creativeness, you will see that he, more than any other voice in this American world, has touched the very spot of all our troubles and to listen to that voice will mean recovery.

He lived to be about seventy-nine I think, and along toward the end that scintillating, brilliant mind grew foggy and hazy, and the last public appearance that he made was at the funeral of Longfellow, the poet. To show you how that mind had gone, that great brain grew tired, infirmities of the years, the disappointments and tragedies had taken their toll, as they always do, the writer describes how Mr. Emerson went to the casket of Longfellow, stood there long and lovingly and he looked down upon the face of that good poet, and then turned away and as he left the home in Boston upon the arm of a friend, he turned to him and said: 'We have just been to the funeral of a very good man, but I have forgotten his name.'

Life was soon over for Emerson and I am glad that here, in this age, and in my beloved church, at the expense of its not being a popular thing, at the expense of its not being appealing, I am glad that you and I for a little while this morning appeared in the presence of one of the rarest spirits, finest hearts, best minds and best friend that America ever had."

A CHEST BENEATH THE SEA

Let me bury deep my sad thoughts
In a chest beneath the sea
Where the world shall never find them,
Let me throw away the key.

But let me fling my glad thoughts
To the hill, the sea, the sky,
Where hungry hearts may find them,
And look up as glad as I.

—Edmar Chapman.

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PASTOR'S CALENDAR

Preston Bradley kept the following engagements during the month of June:

1—Address, Graduation: Monroe, Wis.

2—Address, Graduation: Logansport, Ind.
3—Meeting, State Normal School Board
4—Sermon, The Peoples Church
5—Address, Graduation: Antioch, Ill.
6—Address, American Underwriters
6—Address, Milwaukee, Wis.
7—Address, Graduation: Waupan, Wis.
8—Address, Sherman Hotel
9—Address, Graduation: Elgin, Ill.
11—Closing Service, Peoples Church
11—Address, Sunday School
11—Board Meeting, Peoples Church
12—Left for vacation.

WEDDINGS

3—William P. Langtrys and Marion Williams
9—Gerald Olney and Lillian Steinke
10—Geo. Y. McCurdy and Esther Adams

THE BAZAAR

Plans are already well under way for the Annual Bazaar to be held next November, under the auspices of the Woman's Club. All affiliated organizations and every member and friend of the Peoples Church are earnestly urged by Dr. Bradley to cooperate. In the past, our bazaars have been notably successful, due in no small part, to the hearty assistance sent to us, in the form of donations, by the radio congregation. We are again appealing to that same generosity this coming season.

Salable articles of all kinds will be deeply appreciated, but the following are especially requested: fancy goods, quilts, aprons, pillows and pillow slips, towels, handkerchiefs, men's accessories, dolls, kitchen equipment, foodstuffs and white elephants. Donations may be sent to the church office at any time.

ONE MID-SUMMER DAY

By Grace T. Bradley

Some there are who accomplish a lot of reading out-of-doors in the summer—"get all read up in vacation time," they say. I cannot do it; I can read on the porch providing I do not look up too often allowing my gaze—and my thoughts — to wander across the bay—or into the pine boughs, invited there by the call of a bird. But to take a book to a sheltered hollow or rocks — or any lovely nook under the trees — I cannot read! My eyes soon wander to the shimmering water, little waves rolling in, splash the rock, murmuring like softly tinkling silver bells woo me into lethargy, and my book falls from my hand. A bird speaks to me from a low bough where it is swinging—or a pageant of white clouds losing themselves in a turquoise sky — hold me spellbound.

Nature has infinitely more to tell than human opinions printed on a page. True, however, there is a certain type of book which is a perfect delight to me when I read out-of-doors. I never tire of Hamilton Wright Mabie's "Under the Trees and Elsewhere", his "April Day", "Noon", and specially his "Forest of Arden" are all the more significant when read under the trees, opening vast vistas, uplifting — soothing, while one pauses to look over the far spreading landscape, a breeze gently rustling the leaves in the tree tops, the birds become friendly and hop within reach, and the rippling waves, washing in, complete the harmony of one's quiet thoughts.

David Grayson's books are also a delight to read out-of-doors; as refreshing as the summer breeze is his "Friendly Road" and "Great Possessions", and "Adventures in Solitude" as fascinating as the lights and shades of the tremulous water dimpling in the stretch of bay before you.

Nature forms a suitable set-

ting for books like these, for they have an affinity with the roots of truth and beauty from which the trees draw their breath and the birds their song. They suggest new realms of thought,—open up entrancing paths whereupon once we see them we ramble with ever increasing enjoyment. A book must be in tune with the rustling leaves and open sky to be truly enjoyed out-of-doors.

Then there is John Cooper Powey's "A Philosophy in Solitude", "Familiar Ways" by Margaret Sherwood, "Down a Garden Path" by Beverly Nichols, and some other rare books to be sure —but—I hold there not many to be read in the out-of-doors which guide the eyes to see more beauty —the ears more keenly to listen for music—the heart to be more deeply atune to higher thoughts.

There is a little book by Robert Herrick that is a gem. I do not know how often I have read it aloud to others, but each time I feel I have given myself a trial. 'Twas only yesterday when I read it again. The day was so perfect. calling with insistence to the open; one could not be content to loll in a reed chair on a comfortable porch. Ah, these rare July days—how we begrudge their passing! The air fragrant with petunias and nicotene lilies from my garden, and the scent of balsam and spruce drawn by the hot sun—the resinous breath of the north—is borne from the woods. Over the ruset bark covered ground checkered sunlight falls. There is the ever dear sweet call of the robin, busy with her mid-summer brood. At sunset there is a blaze of crimson and gold in the west, lingering long—deepening to violet. There is a mellowness to the stars—and the sky is azure. In the perfect peace of evening a calm settles over all—the lake—the wood—the birds—the garden—and there is a hint of coming moonlight.

Only a few more days remain—and we will turn the page into August.

A little before noon I packed a lunch of whatever the larder offered, made a jug of iced tea, added glasses, plates and a white oilcloth to spread for table, to the baskets, then summoned my household to the porch and invited them to come with me on a magic journey. "Remember" — said I—"We need not go far to reach the 'Forest of Arden.' Without leaving our own shore, we can be as far from civilization as we choose to be, it is all a state of mind you know!" No one was to go back for anything forgotten and break the illusion that we were far from home. So each taking something to carry the procession started single file, I leading the way through the trees, over a hill, a winding path thru a thicket of small balsams, and a turn in the path brought us to a knoll high above the water and cooly shaded by tall pines. Seating ourselves on the soft pine scented ground, we spread our lunch, and it was a jolly meal, full of that "picnic happiness" which needs both food and the out-of-doors to complete.

We were as far away from our abode as tho we had traveled miles up the lake or trudged through a forest trail. We could not see the house or the dock or the garden — nothing but the restful green of trees and undergrowth, and a lovely glimpse of the gleaming lake, above our heads a canopy of boughs, and running ahead of us a narrow path — that might lead — anywhere.

After we had eaten and chatted awhile, we eased our backs against the tree trunks, and I took out this little book of Herrick's— "The Master of the Inn," and read it aloud. After I had finished we sat silently—not wanting to break the spell of the story on the beauty and peace surrounding us; there was a soothing swish to the

water lapping the stones way below us, a slight breeze stirred in the trees, the shadows had lengthened, the western sky was washed with rosiate radiance, the sun had set.

Shaking ourselves free from the witchery of it all, we gathered up the baskets and retraced our steps to the house, happily satisfied with our journey to "The Master of the Inn," and feeling a warm inner glow of appreciation and thankfulness for the gift of a perfect mid-summer day.

The Peoples Church of Chicago is under a heavy expense twelve months in the year. During the period of the vacation the income is necessarily cut down considerably. All of our pledges are made on the yearly basis and it would relieve matters a great deal if all would send their weekly and monthly contributions directly to the treasurer at the church office. The church office remains open during the summer months. All of those who so kindly pledged to the "Summer Fund" will assist the treasurer very much if they will kindly send their contributions at once. By co-operating with us in these matters we are all encouraged and the devitalizing worry concerning money affairs is lessened. We have outstanding accounts that must be met and if all would help, the burden would become lighter. Will you not send in your pledges and contributions just the same as though church were in session? A summer donation from those who are not regular contributors or have made no pledge would be appreciated.

The Peoples Church desires to be a serving and helpful church. If you know of any cases of sickness, distress, or trouble where you think the attention of the pastor would help, kindly call the church office. All engagements for the naming service, weddings, funerals or any other engagements must be made direct with the church office. The church office is open every day during business hours. It is closed on Saturday at noon. The telephone is Longbeach 6878. Mrs. Harrison, the secretary, will be glad to give information or attend to all engagements.

PULPIT MEMORIAL FLOWERS

For the past several years the flowers which have beautified the pulpit platform on Sunday mornings have been given by friends and members of the church as expressions of appreciation or in memory of loved ones. This custom has become a fixed one in the church and will continue this year. From the beginning Mrs. Georgia Russell has been chairman of this committee and has given loyal service. Will those who plan to give flowers for the services this year get in touch with Mrs. Russell? Her address is 5025 Winthrop Ave., and her telephone is Sunnyside 6610.

Everyone interested in the aims and work of the church is invited to make a regular subscription to its support. Such subscriptions may be paid on a weekly, monthly, quarterly, semi-annual or annual payments system, in accordance with the convenience of each individual. Application for subscription blanks or weekly envelopes may be made in the church office. The church office is open every day during business hours.

A trained kindergarten teacher is employed by the church to look after the children during the time of the church service. Parents are invited to bring their children to the Library Room just east of Channing Hall where the teacher will receive them. The Kindergarten Department is in session from 9:30 to 12:30 every Sunday.

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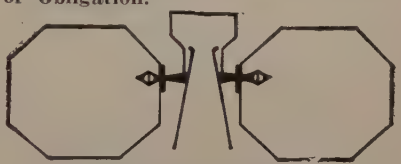

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